THE EXHIBITION COMPLEX TEASED IN KELLY'S COMEDY

Amateur Actors Will Cringe and Blush a Little at 'The Torch-Bearers.'

EORGE KELLY'S satirical com-J edy, "The Torch Bearers," now at the Vanderbilt Theater, opens merciless fire on aspiring amatour theatricals in general and the Little Theater movement in particular. The first act is laid in the drawing room of the home of Frederick Hitter in a small city. Mrs. Ritter is explaining to her husband, just returned from a business trip, how she happened to fall heir to the leading feminine role in the play which her friends are presenting, when the leading woman, Mrs. Jimmy Sheppard, lost her husband suddenly.

Ritter (taking a cigar from his case)-Did he know that she was to play one of the leading parts?

Mrs. Ritter-Who, Mr. Sheppard?

Ritter-Yes. Mrs. Ritter-Why, of course he did: she'd just finished telling him-when he fell over. My dear, poor Clara Sheppard is a wreck. You want to write her a note, Fred, when you get time. And he never spoke-not a solitary word. But she says, just as he was dying, he gave her the funniest look. Oh, she says if she lives to be a thousand she'll never forget the way he looked at her. Ritter (moving over from the right, where he has been standing, toward the

mantelpiece)-Had he ever seen her act? Mrs. Ritter-I don't know whether he ever had or not. Yes, he had, too; for I saw him myself at the Century Drawing Rooms last Easter Monday night;

ing Rooms last Easter Monday night; and she was in that play that night there-don't you remember?

Mrs. Ritter, preparing her husband for the fact that a rehearsal is to be held at their home, informs him that Mrs.

J. Duro Pampinelli, an officious member of the group, will direct the performance.

ber of the group, will direct the performance.

Mrs. Ritter—No. she doesn't take any part—she's just in charse of everything.

Mrs. Ritter—Kind of a directress, I suppose you'd call her. (He is lighting his cigar and makes a funny sound of annusement.) Tells us where to go, you know, on the stage, so we won't be running into each other. (He takes the cigar out of his mouth, laughs, and throws the match stem into the fire-place.) Really, Fred, you have no idea how easy it is to run into a person on the stage. You've got to know where you're going every time you move. What are you laughing at?

Ritter—I was just thinking of a few of the things I've heard Mrs. Pampirelli called.

Mrs. Ritter—Oh, now, that isn't a bit nice of you. Fred Ritter! I know you dou't like her.

Ittiter—I think her all right.

Mrs. Ritter—You do not, now, Fred; so don't say you do.

Ritter—I think she's marvelous.



Size, Bernard and Deriver, Che table of the book of th

Mrs. P .- Go on with your lines, Paula. Mrs. Ritter-Well, is he dead, Betty? Mrs. P. (as the curtain commences to lescend)-Never mind, darling, go on with your lines; the play is the thing. Now, children, we will go right on from where Mr. Ritter fell downstairs.

where Mr. Ritter fell downstairs.

In the farcical second act the play, which is itself cailed "The Torch Pearers," is presented, with dire results. Properties get lost or are used improperly. Some of the cast lose their lines and one of them loses half his false mustache. Another faints as he leaves the stage, and practically all the players trip over the doorsill as they enter or exit. After the performance the curtain gets stuck as Mrs. Pampinelli starts to take a bow for no particular reason. Confusion is worse confounded, but they all have a grand time and are perfectly convinced they covered themselves with glory. It is, in short, the typical amateur performances.

Mrs. Fell—My dear, she's in it already.

Mrs. P.—She's very foolish, under the circumstances.

Mrs. Fell—That's what I told her today. I said, "Don't be spectacular, dear; it'il only make it more difficult for you when you want to marry again.

And," I said, "you probably will marry again."

Mrs. P.—Of course she will.

Mrs. Fell—"For you're a comparative of the content of the content of the content of the show over?

Ritter (stopping in the center door)—It's all over town by this time.

Add. I asid. Took to marry again, and "I asid. Took probably will marry again. And." I asid. Took probably will marry again. And. I asid. Took probably will marry again. And." I asid. Took probably will marry again. And. I asid. Took probably will be again. And. I asid. Took prob Mary Boland as the complacent amateur in "The Torch-Bearers." Mrs. R .- What scared you, dear?

Ritter (turning and looking at her)-I was afraid every minute somebody was going to shoot you!

Mrs. R. (after a bewildered pause)— But why should anybody shoot me, darling? darling?
Ritter-For trying to act! Making wholy show of yourself in front of the community! (She watches him, in puzzled silence.)

my show or yourself in front of the community! (She watches him, in puzzled silence.)

Mrs. R.—Didn't you like me, Fred?

Ritter—I did till I saw you act.

Mrs. R. (rather heiplessly, as the sittle and awns upon her)—Why, Mrs. Pampinelli said I was a great artist.

Ritter (taking the cigar from his mouth and laughing bitterly)—Mrs. Pampinelli self in the sight of the draper over at the right in a state of puzzled irresolution, reacts, physically, to this last observation.)

Mrs. R.—She says I ought to go on with the work.

Ritter—The meant the housework!

Mrs. R.—She says I ought to go on with the work.

Ritter—That's it! It's a lot of that kind? She said I ought to go to New York.

Ritter—That's it! It's a lot of that klind of gab to poor things like you that keeps the New York restaurants supplied with waitresses! (He crosses to the window at the right and selzing the fancy brocade with which it is hung, gives it a little yank to one side to look out. This gesture leaves him looking into the frozen eyes of Mrs. Pampinelli, who will be a some thing myself.

Mrs. P.—I've bean hiding here.

Ritter—Well, when you do somethis left shoulder.) What did you do come through the window?

Mrs. P.—I've bean hiding here.

Ritter (continuing to the left)—idon't blame you, after that show; I've been doing the same thing myself.

Mrs. R. (starting to cry, and coming around to the chair at the left of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to at rown. See a count of the center table to

when you didn't come hower so the series along over to the left. About the hands't regained to the time she left shoulder.) What did you do methrough the window?

moves along over to the left. About the hands to shoulder.) What did you do more through the window?

move and it is the series and right?

moves along over to the left. About the hands the series and is way over he turns and says over the turns and her he sem than her has been den to he says the head of here. Says and here, the first shoulder, combining here. Ritter, you see what you've done. Mrs. P. The head to he says the head to he says

all of them.

Mrs P. (coming back from the win-

over every line last night, right here

in this room; and they knew practically ouldn't remember them on the stage Mrs. P. and Mrs. R. together-Mrs P. : They could remember them. Mrs. R. :

I could remember them on the stage. I never missed one line!
Ritter—She and that other woman sat there blinking at the audience like a couple of sparrow hawks.

Mrs. P.—They did nothing of the

Mrs. Fell—Of course they didn't,
Ritter (to Mrs. Fell)—How do you
know? You weren't out there.
Mrs. Fell—I could see them through
the scenery, couldn't I? And they didn't
look anything like a couple of sparrow
hawks, as you say.

look anything like a coupie of sparrow hawks, as you say.

Mrs. P.—Well, as I've never seen a couple of sparrow hawks, I can't appreciate the comparison.

Ritter—Well, you'd have seen a couple to-night, if you'd been with me.

Mrs. R.—Don't argue with him, Betty; he's only trying to be smart.

Ritter—Why didn't one of them say something?

Mrs. P.—What could they have said? Ritter-Why, any commonplace! .t'd

have been better than just sitting there bilinking.

Mrs. P.—One can't be commonplace in high comedy.

Ritter—Was that what it was?

Mrs. P.—What did you think it was?

Ritter—You tell her, Nelly; I haven't got the heart.

Mrs. Fell (looking at Mrs. Pampinelli and then back to Ritter)—You bold thing. (There is a pause. She places her hand on Paula's shoulder). Don't let him upset you this way, Paula.

Mrs. P.—I suppose you would have colleged Edwin Booth if you had been up there.

up there.

Ritter—Well, I'd have known better than to sit blinking at the audience.

Mrs. R.—I didn't blink at the audi-

Mrs. R.—I didn't blink at the audience!

Mrs. Fell—Don't answer him, honey.

Mrs. P.—What could they have done under the circumstances?

Ritter—Why, they could have covered it up if they'd had any brains!

Mrs. P.—Covered it up with what?

Ritter—Why, with anything! Impromptu conversacion!

Mrs. P.—And have the audience laugh at them?

at them?
Ritter—They laughed anyhow, didn'

dear! Surprise! Come here, Jenny, Jenny, dear! Surprise! Ritter tafter glancing around to see the meaning of "surprise," glances at his wife)—Why don't you take your makeup off?

Mrs. R.—I forgot it, I was so worried about you.

Ritter—She's all made up! and it's coming off.

Mrs. P.—Well, what if it is?

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Ritter—She's all made up! and it's coming off.

Mrs. P.—Well, what if it is?

Ritter—I don't want to be reminded of that show.

After Nelly Fell, the promptress, enters. Ritter launches into a caustic criticism of the players.

Awaiting Your Response MONDAY.

TIMES SQUARE THEATER-The Selwyns will present "The Fool," a play by Channing Pollock. James Kirkwood, Pamela Gay-thorne and Lowell Sherman head the cast, which includes Henry Stephenson, Frederick Vogeding and Sara Southern.
MUSIC BOX-Sam H. Harris will present Irving Berlin's "Music

Box Revue," postpoped from last week. TUESDAY.

KLAW THEATER Goldreyer and Mindlin will produce "The Last Warning," a meledrama in three acts by Thomas F. Fallon, founded on Wadsworth Camp's novel, "The House of Fear." The cast is headed by William Courtleigh and includes Ann Mason, Clarence Derwent and Charles Trowbridge.

WEDNESDAY.

FIFTY-NINTH STREET THEATER-William A. Brady will present "The Insect Comedy," adapted from the Czecho-Slovakian of Josef and Karel Capek by Owen Davis. In a prelude, three acts and an epilogue the life of man is paralleled by that of insects. The cast includes Robert Edeson, Kenneth MacKenna, Mabel Withee, Vinton Freedley, Beatrice Maude and N. St. Clair Hales. PUNCH AND JUDY THEATER-F. Ray Goetz offers "Persons Unknown," by Robert Housum. Martha Hedman and John Miltern head the cast.



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